

soiellen

Gideon

2018 || ~~sin~~ hart || @fawnbrawl.land

for olive cube & sugar cube

who
am
thou

who
am
tho u

voice voies voice voies voice
voies voice voies voice voies
voice voies voice voies voice
voies voice voies voice voies
voice voies voice voies voice
voice voies voice voies voice
voies voice voies voice voice
voies voice voies voice voies
voice voies voice voies voice
voies voice voies voice voies
voice voies voice voies voice
voice voies voice voies voice
voice voies voice voies voice

whoa

m

thou

voice

voices

hooves and all

CROSS
AFOOT
ALONE at
NIGHT

WALK OLD HIGH
WAYS
CLOSE UR EYES

NO SLEEP
NOR NEVER
NEED
but
BRAWL

w/FECUND
BEAST to

SOIE
LOW
HOLE

i was frightened; it was, summer,

NO
I DO
NOT ACCEPT

sibyl

escape no one

not broken

my word to anyone, .

, : you burden me -!

IF YOU WERE WELL INFORMED ABOUT ME

YOU WOULD WISH

TO HAVE ME

OUT/OF

YOUR HANDS

I HAVE DONE NOTHING

EXCEPT BY REVELATION

, . , body for body,
chieftan in
war

who am thou, sibyl

NO
now
again

; it is not yet time;

, . Voice
, , . *Voice*
; Voice
, . voices
: . Voice; i
have much need of it
but never have asked of it
any recompense
but salvation

who ist you Voice

came
to me. from lips
i should
reverence.

me from god.
heard :, an angel . ,

I HAVE ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD IT

BE **GOOD**

viscion

viscera,
vision

laffing b/c he narrowly escaped the Big Thorns

i imagine ever1
sinking below
their moat (sic)
basic syntacitcal (sic) xp
such that also to them
a choas (sic)
of Any Land
[Anyland™%]
could em
urge at
the breath
of a turn
of the thought
in that direction¹

i love when more ppl get on the bus

¹ the 1D

*the pleasure of sentience
blooming

as above, so below

the school is a game but/and
the game is a quest, you heave
up your sword and play hopscotch,

blade keen enough to cut light

the orders come, down, i
1, 2, 5

come down

1,
2,

instruction: imagine the smallest hum-bird

my fish[/*eɪʃ*/s(,)] gut scales instrum

then:

go west-south to the heat, to thy
good name and
depart neat fear the

queen is a live woman
with braids [say] grace, say
thumbs twitched across the forehead – nine

nemeses outside
your strong circle
of chalk;

draw your maplight – give it
a logic that goes

you were bairn to liquefy but/and always re form

**and your mouth goes
like a seesaw**

i am a small cat panting
it is summer in the middle

of georgia where you strap
a knife to your boot and shout

hay coral at the tip
top of your lungs,

yeah they say ever
ything is relative at le
ast, that's what the
y say: i'm growing plate
armor on my jaw
bone this time,
WolverExo™

we roam toward(s?) each other and lock horns while
the city is cleft by the coming of the lord

three days in god
time is as long as anyth
ing u saw

jelly bean, i'm sweet on you

(i never have put this flavor of green in my mouth/i don't know its name//you compare me to hadrian's wall i say "well i am your hobbit ancestor, we have tin types and were moreover early

adopters
of literacy , with

paws crossed at the to edge of a marble stair, i cld
spend hours looking at your face not knowing why

Threedog

1. earth is juggalo purgatory.
2. i want to feel good like cake to the unafraid.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
7. you transubstantiate right next to me

believe
in god
?

u smell the candyfire in my hair? count
in prophesy my cruelties
before the edifice?

>>>>>>>>>>>

SIR PATER
IN RINGLING
THE BELL
TOLLS AND

you
wake to your feathered manhood.

you

try to mouth your body with your hands behind your back

everything is in its right place. my jacket's on the floor. my leather jacket in my house on the floor. i'm here on first watch—i cuff my right sleeve, i cuff my left sleeve, too (i am in my cuffedsleeve leather jacket on the floor)

i'm as real as toshio saeki is anyone
i'm counting the cracks in my palm
the stars swirl this corner with verve

take my face/off, man!!!!!!
you didn't have to!! my gooey
dermis nods and, weeping
(pus), agrees

let me be your dixon, i'll run
until i can't crawl—my face widens
like a pie, it spreads like

being squashed
by god

QUISH!

you are your weapon: : : protect your steel
i am good & “good”
& *good*
please
tell
me
a
gain

billy,
i say
your name now
my heart splits open like a sheep's
i bow
to yama and his messengers
so hurryhurry dam cross aunt,
we go to grovel
at the paws of friends
for kukur tihar

blood garden

thus depraved my sweet little land

BOUNDFIELD USA

we emerged
from our snowcave
and /hurried emaciation
like fools we would /eat
our fill again: clouds,boiled
like fools we would /eat
the white-white boiled
clouds// everyone
who plays /leaves
ribbons of *vanish*
/you are a little ribbon of *vanish*
a little sateen *vanish*, burbling
out through your teeth// don't get
lost when you are bent over it,
double, /don't roll
your eyes like a fat
goat in heat—observe/
the shape of the pinnacle,

//stick it in//

IF YOU FOLLOW THE PRINCE
YOU'LL MAKE HIS MISTAKES

a gas station road map is a very good example
some symbols are obvious

//lakes//

i want you/ to eat

dust

but first

/cut place

first cut, place/

(first:) the biggest

circle is /zero,

/the closest cut

along
zero//
along
this
line,
first

cut smaller,
higher/

this place,
/a hole,

distinguished by lines that go in//

that's the first principle: /a hole//

watching you walk down the lane in blue is
such romance but the highways are /red turn

a
lake into
a
meadow

and just *lookit* this drippy bat //

do a patch test by rubbing the top index
contour across the softest skin on the inside of
your wrist /

by any method i can tell you two things you really want to know

nature abhors prescience

i'm a pudding lovin kid
some animals eat their shit for nutrients

i'm undiscovered country
but not me

as a synthetic compound i have no natural predators
i call you a yahoo
as saltwater taffy

you chew my veins
thick

i have often been nothing/just hives on the throat of the morning

pass me like you care
about the weight of it,
sugar dragon. we don't want love
we want horses
and blood! the salt-
faced gholas &
two strings of drool.
she eats apples like
a storyteller::i eat
beans from
a can like i
invented the
law

don't look now
my hands
are blue with time

CHABLIS SPACE AND SCIENCE CENTRE

CARDINI WAS BORN
MUMBLING, A VALENTINE
OF POSTWAR MAGICS

THE THING ABOUT NAPOLEON:
WE HAVE A THING ABOUT NAPOLEON

—IT'S A SECRET HAHA WE'LL TAKE IT TO OUR COMMON
GRAVE—

THE TREES ARE SPLICED WITH KUDZU!!!
THEY TRAP ONE OF US AT SUCH A HEIGHT!!!

BUT IT'S WORTH IT FOR THE GIRLS
THEIR MILES OF LEGS ON YOUR LAP
LEGS LONG ENOUGH TO LASO SPACE

WIN ME THE ICE BAG I NEED
TO FREEZE MY RED-RED THIGHS

Crier's Ghent Daisy

in the sweetness and the sludge i fear i am
your crumpled face: the water is honey

you crank and i
crank and over
the intercom the orphans
tell us to stop cracking wise

BEAT ME.

shove metal money under my tongue
let's see who believes in the soul

is it wednesday yet?
i want all my teachers on their knees.

MARY-KATE OLSEN
LEARNED TO BRUSH HER HAIR
TWO YEARS AGO ON MY BIRTHDAY

i want to see the exit wound tho am scared of the pus

sawflies slit the tissues of plants

the root, meaning : to shine :
the head meaning the traveler
in square
where i learned to crush
snake face (live)
in front of American children

i am stressed for a pony that a pony
should be made so tiny and so stout
while i clamp my Super Psychic
Cunt

[times passes
blip blip blip]
NOW

i am a hero cos i
mushed ovums
so the non carbon-based life forms that fucked me can't win

but that wasn't it, on the low/ simple
nudie/sharp nails/many worshippers

you drop/you drop
straight down to your knees,
you are often compelled
in socks so neat they
seem like tight shoes

your lip is the bed of my god complex.
i want to show you my great, big glimmering cock.

**DUST
ROUND
LAMB //for e**

everything is irrelevant
i forgot how to spell// as
a kid i read about a silk
lad der to the moon and
still want to weave a silk
lad der to the moon and call
to the rabbit who lives on the moon
with a cake of steamed rice in my palm

i didn't know what
i was doing (snap) when
i took that

more right than a man which i am also trying
to do like i want to be the boy throwing
rocks at your window but you look
for a gold
woman
who knows gold

i'll of you

the strips of my hands
incidental :: suggesting
nothing

incomprehensible stone towers

i part my hair, it does
n't wave ow, ow; ow

forward not too much
to founder/i'm/to/o
my elbows in clocks

i wish for you
to hold me like the skeleton

it's a mind gift

we sing to

singing bodies

we are throats

we undulate

so much

abt god

how many birds fly around *your* head
a curve is madness, come
peel the wax rind//i wake
covered/i am even
now hurtling
through space

don't blink at the dressage

shoulder to shoulder
you wipe your eye
gunk in my hair
i give you a plait
and you sneeze g'bless!

i want to show you who i am and why

LOOK NO FURTHER
I THINK MY LOVE MUST
BE A SEA

HAWKS ARE ANGELS
YOUNG TAILS, DEFINITE
LEGACIES; WE ARE SHOOK

WIDEN
YOUR EYES TO THE SUGAR
THERE ARE WAVES AND MINNOWS, PRINCESS
I COULD UNSPOOL YOUR HAIR FROM —

EVERY FEW MOMENTS I TWITCH AWAKE TO THE FACT OF YOU

scen
ery

mist aches

y
es
go
od

with my braid tucked in my bodice i
mean my sword tucked in my sleeve
winning us pillows, silk pillows pillows
a life in the softcurled country

it is us, champ
agne in . the field
of the morning

red still in the milk
red in the milk,
still

GRAMERCY 1076

JE NE LES AI JAMAIS VUES
IF YOU ROLL THE KNOT I
FALL YOU BAD
BELAY BUT CRY
ON MY BRIAR
-PLUKT SOCKETS
AND SHOVE MY
BONES BACK

GO

GLASS BACKPACKS ARE NOT FOR HEFTING

*i have affronted the obelisk! again! with my ceaseless chitter!
these are the ravings of a madman
and i have never (not once!) been to summer camp
[[[SUMER]]]*

U WANT THE GIFT OF A ROUGH-HEWN THING

j. gordon whitehead , i'm getting dirt in my nose from sticking my face in the grave i have a personality to despise but accept tyranny until i am nekkid and then i tighten the straps on the rack of the wheel in the dome of the sun because you won't do it and i don't want to be the living houdini, his easter, i want to be his ruptured appendix, 1:26 in 1926 and if you left me for fear of killing me then shame on you, fool me twice

manigoldo

1

i come to you
in new shoes

you slap me; i leave,

i'm a foreigner when you send me away

you eye the locusts in the
outfield and there's gold in
your corner i want to suck
the sap off you and braid your hair

– wet or dry i
believe in the grit of
my love
test me,
no,, t e s t me
even my plosive,

where everything turns to soap in the light

funny hermeticism
(in the body to make
a bright, warm ball)

||

the nosebleed of waking/
the nosebleed of sleep

who said (you?)
it was soft(?)enough?

sabot is a French word
goddammit i know what it means

megaultrafinity

seek a better title for
the body than *The Boy*
Who Knew How to Put
His Fist in the Mouth
and Make Raw the Throat
While He Were Bent Back

>> one day you will invent the world
>> eat blueberries from a crystal dish

i promise [!!!!] >> my sash
is on fire got ash in my boot

>> feet softsilent and untroubled

&! a ladder for each of your pockets

when you dip to meet the gold oil god

>> my body

is a lone giddyup, is, is giddy, up, gleaming
oil you dip i gleam in

the last with worship,, my summer
you that my summer, graze
in the sun so the sun
can graze me, the grass

this constitutes gravitational parity

ship of the sunspot—a carousel is a prayer object—you can hum too into the
light—state-stained—cup your hands, i will throw it: 3, 2— the mad dog at us our heels
when we pulled the hoop from in there silk enough for a train, enough for

unvesseling

spilt a river,
just cream, so
fresh in the sun

ollieollieoxenfree

my tongue fattened in awe of you
i want to listen to your hands which
pluck tines of your body alone

check the belfry
the bell is cracked

but i'm a true believer

in your curl
your architecture
and era, the silver
edge to the edge
of you (in corners
skin touches small waves)

cassandra was a prophet and a dirty deed
i'm trying to feel like something else; i gut
this codex to stave my errant fist

even as i dust my sullen bow
i find no peace in mounting,
hounding trail

gentle dire, lope
abreast of me, you
reify my fur

lap it
bloody
clean

my heart is the stone
i roll up the hill, i labor
impossibly beneath
my own dumb
heavy love

“an exquisite daguerreotype in a red velvet case with a soft gold clasp”

my eyes are up here stop

looking at the floor

it's revenant flexion

– crush me to pulp i am
a very good detective!

it tunnels loss in my stomach, trawls
my belly for a canal that will collapse,
a cesspit of exotic diseases to herald
the start of the end of the fall of the western world

i am hoping to make the comrades proud

where is my boiling pot
i will crawl unto my certification

the way i laugh when i think of you in front of my friends is tinny

don't fucking dare pretend you're sad if you're happy

you don't have to *love* me

i am indulging in the spitglob

of human feelings

you are pawing at the extant canon, which you are

better and more interesting than

no i'm not up for romance, but down for god's
perfect love as expressed by good teamwork

boy, i got viscion – she of the drooling heart: placid as any meal: rent,
flapping from doeskin gloves. laughing early christian laughs
amongst stones, big ones,

really i just want to buy jewelry
for a girl like it was okay to whittle
these tools, use them

it is not so hard
it is the hardest
please spare me

i am drinking milkshakes with grandfather

it is in my national character to have

a favorite animal and make

everyone know it

someday, you'll never have touched me
these quarks are moving on

nicest if nice

i am the new-school polymer a gooey cigarette the yellow spots on yr tongue when ur laughing b/c ur in a field of heavy, loosepollened flowers singing

I WONDER how many pages i'll bleed thru w/my kindest instrument

loving is a military lockstep [i'm soreposi]
let's grin into the future, giantESSAS

well okay, for one thing white people are creepy
i ask you to never look for an applicable Positive Light

‘Yes!’

put me on
something fling me – allez
hup! to the horn of the
motherfucking moon

Unfortuneately, selflove
's not corequisite to enjoying
one's own company
(~~i can do this with or without you~~)
WITHOUT YOU

I CAN DO THIS

WITH OR

i see death in her cloak and skip
thru isles of of fun, sad d

d

led by

swathes of complexity

oh no i blaze right thru

situated knowledge
in the hole of
amn
amn
amn

bloodthumbs (occupational)

little egg boats/bigger space boat.
it is soothing to organize objects by mass
protein foam chains! let's talk about those!

show me
an object
of peace
(no mere object
not-of-war

[a weakness of
gravity is denizenship
of-or-in sky-of-war])

donc, ofc poets can show their nipples,
that's what they're always doing anyway
current events, 4/27: We Saw the Nips

a weakness of gravity is just denizenship of/in sky -of-war)
terrace, qui est assis sur terre

blood foam on my muzzle

don't worry, it looks good\ on you, too

i need to shower but i want to keep texting girls so i need to shower but if i
shower i'll need to shower b/c i'll be thinking about how i've been
texting girls + today, a man called me
a workhorse another man was jealous
in my effort to be unparanoid and positive
i take this on

me, A Workhorse

THE GIFT OR CURSE OF PROXIMATE
FREEDOM, AKA UNIFORM TRANS
LATION IS INERTIA; FLAT
TRAVEL, MAYBE
a god thought??
OR IS

FREEDOM
simply not the exercise

mostly i am sad because time is a sieve
my little prince,
you are

Dead,

i saw it happen
and stood
still for eight hours
thinking , about : Energy As Matter

let me live or let me
die in this crispclean deluxXx

if a frog sits in my hand will i heal

the westward binds in us

raze eden, get

Gone

OTO GRINDINGLENS

<yes, i go to be told, but it just ends in

Go,

you crawl under the lid of the world and take your socks off
is love your rule or your exception?

think again

Once when the sun sparked me on,, ON
this trojan wall arriving
freckle past
the circuit, you complete

what is salt good for

what did i race up to say

i eat just to swallow but i swallow stones
(stones) falling up when i open my mouth out loud

<heavy requirement

a stain of dew is a mark on your chest

i clasp my hand/my hands in my hand/around a waist (/your waist)>
as you hold and i swing, look!

a vine
of perfect
circumference

tit(i)ans cite all *there* sources/look at my dropped rocks look how i spring of my wounds,
how quivering/the bench of my floor the only place i sit i love light i love my shitty little
lite and goodgood look at Yours!

etch the mark of a single-celled feeling/good doctor, hook me to your good machine/*nothing* feels better than co/i/g+-nition >
there is glass in my thumb
i say bless
you when you drop
not the same
mistake give me,
do trust
i lick your forehead/stick mine to it
just the slivers of your nails, though
leaning

baruch de, gelat when –
well – i go || || }}, ON^(notice,)
¢ how
low will
you bow-ø
how, when you
dissent

Apollo Wound Me
meet my
deman d

i know how to make clouds
cloud clocks clock fair, faire

clocks down to a half last
name i toil
i reify
i slug the air in 1677
on the radio, prairie,
1935

Apollo WITness

YOU must DIP at least ONcE for this CROWN>

toki wan li pona lili toki mute li pona mute//for my alpha

you are the bright thing i know
callais daddy, your mouth
is covered in blood

let me whip you an egg cream
we can talk about god's lack then i
explain how the blue got to your bone

we're at peace in the cup of the clock
getting tube dents, choosing violence

we're aloe arctic mercury virgins
witness me (tequila! shots!!)

purity: our maiden names strapped to the yoke of the light
your nose runs and i lick it::i baby-bird you an earthworm

when the sun i beat the dust
together blonde, two busted lips

i take you serious from here to the colonized moon

~~THRALL~~, HISTORICAL

VASSAL OF THE LORD VASSAL OF THE CORN VASSAL OF THE CIRCONFLEXE VASSAL OF FLEXION VASSAL OF THE AXIOM VASSAL OF MUSCLE TISSUE VASSAL OF THE WAYS VASSAL OF SHIFTING MODALITY VASSAL OF MERCURY VASSAL OF NO ROMAN GOD VASSAL OF THE WOLF VASSAL OF THE MOTHER VASSAL OF THE WORLD TREE VASSAL OF THE SUNDAY KINDS VASSAL OF CONFLUENCE VASSAL OF DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITIES VASSAL OF LADY LESBOS VASSAL OF THE ISLES, GENERALLY VASSAL OF WICHITA, KS VASSAL OF THE BADLANDS VASSAL OF THE DIRT ROAD VASSAL OF FORTS IN DISUSE VASSAL OF DECAY VASSAL OF THEIR OWN TENDRILS VASSAL OF TENDRILED TENDERNESS VASSAL OF QUIET FAME VASSAL OF MARIGOLDS VASSAL OF GRIT VASSAL OF SUMMER VASSAL OF VISCERA VASSAL OF THE RED PILL BEFORE BEDTIME VASSAL OF CELESTIAL NAV VASSAL OF MARROW BONES VASSAL OF WOUNDED SPACE CHUNKS VASSAL OF THE MARVEL OF CONTAGION VASSEL OF SEVEN VASSAL OF SEVEN OF NINE VASSAL OF WE ARE VASSAL OF SURFACE MARKS VASSAL OF STRAWBERRY MILK VASSAL OF SUN'S WARMTH ON NEW PARTS VASSAL OF BIOMECHANICS VASSAL OF BLUEBERRY BIRD VASSAL OF FINGER PUPPETS VASSAL OF KNEADING VASSAL OF THE PROLES VASSAL OF MY GOOD LADY VASSAL OF FLAX VASSAL OF POLES VASSAL OF SMALL QUEENS VASSAL OF THE HUM VASSAL OF YEEHAW RAMBLIN VASSAL OF YES VASSAL OF HER HAND VASSAL OF BOOK REPORTS VASSAL OF DIORAMAS VASSAL OF MORE DAYS VASSAL OF SICK ANIMALS VASSAL OF SPIDERWEBS VASSAL OF CAVES VASSAL OF ECHO, ECHO VASSAL OF ORGANIZED REBELLION VASSAL OF BLEEDING WHEN YOU CAN VASSAL OF BLEEDING WHEN YOU MUST VASSAL OF BETWEEN VASSAL OF OPENING THE COLLECTIVE MOUTH AND PUTTING IN THE TONGUE VASSAL OF THE ROOT OF THE TONGUE VASSAL OF SAP AND GRIP

**yam noodles with strawberry jam in the jar;
; fake milk and thyme tea**

the verdant senator oh thou
king of my life

*a spell for sobering is comb
your hair crown to ends
in all directions hair is pointing
down clockwise if clockwise
is if the in-eye is midnight and the face (not yours –
the crystal face)*

if
more or less
on which you
sitting up straight

is parallel to the plane of the jaw
the plane of the jaw is
parallel to the earth
are standing or

oh how the eyes hang in the head by their jellystrings!

so you go clockwise but can't count
to seven it's an emotional seven
*just feel it
then*

counterclockwise, trying
all back all
forward hurting
but not splitting – it's
gentle

let me very sincerely tell you what i'm trying to do

i'm trying to step sideways like a skipping stone, will you help
me? you,
who are

my jaw

perpendicular to

aka we all have eyes at midnight
but midnight is a big staircase as in
the infinity of screen savers or' those
games where you jump and keep jumping

\i keep skipping class to be with myself
in, in a now/forever way rather than a forever/now way & speaking of which i keep
remembering how to walk but forgetting how to be around

*at the opening for my book
my book reading opening thing
i lie down in a pile of snake
:and:we become fast friends*

i am almost here

i am almost
cut
open in the palm of the light, here
i give you two strands
what will you do with them
what will you make

i am thoroughly wiping coffee from the basket where someone can see me
i am cleaning the pulp from the hole of the juicer and someone can see me
i'm sense bending to see myself taking, untying garbage bags in ergonomic squalor
i'm walking with my eyes closed working on astral projecting
i am feeling my way through

a memory i can count on
our feet on the snow our
hands on the cliff my
breath in the edge of the
air and us not touching but
touching the sky is a
panorama and a sunset is
of course then you are
stuck at the top in the
dark, dizzy height /(] i said
look **How Unafraid**, I from
the lip of the parapet you
do not know how to affirm
life you have never had 2
affirm life just like you think
if you touch too much it'll
be ruined, the hands on
the hagia sofia, but if
everyone who touched it
touched it at once,, is that
my argument for time?,
that if something that
cannot heal does not also
always nearly or fully fall, i,
an, event versus a
transit,...,/may i visit
your isle of song?\

the suggestion of course is scientific empathy opens time are you my Woods Wife
o shit i was ready to give birth to this slick devastation

*let me be brave let me be grave let me be brave let me be brave let me be grave let me
be brave brave brave let me be grave let me be graaaaaaaaave, gr8 brave let me let me
let me take me out to the ball game let me & be bravewe skip backwards
together
we are headed for the
armistice*

new page new master

i, the small wanderer, try
never to play at queen
though i love, though i love
though i /love
how strong my neck felt pillaring
spires of solid gold, glitter-tipped
that one time i snuck into her
imaginarium/walk-in closet
and was run thru/o by a golem
doubling as a hat rack
only the finest vanilla bean
extract spilling
from my pocket into the purple
gunk that decanted languidly
from my left kidney
onto the cherrywood floor

“the Bloode will smell less Badde,” spake i,
“but i hope Poor Cook will forgive me
for wasting a Royal Ingrediente
meant for The Royal Wedding Cake”

and with a great sigh i crossed myself
and expired,
this is purgatory,
haha

here i am a sailor, having left life as a scullery maid,
a by-product of being deceased

i haven't seen land in weeks (since i was living)

the little death birds dropped my death-body
onto Boat Death during a great mist that still
hangs.

*I am wearing trousers for the first time in my life.
(i scrawl in my death diary)
They are most comfortable.*

when i eat fresh fruit again i must tear it
(sporagmosian) to taste it in full (peaches:
best cleft deep)

we sail again

i am no more a spirit wreathed in gentleness

i suckle thee your teeth
fall out i eat your eyes
and see with them

"I hope someday to steal from you the way you steal from God."

stand naked in front of something you like

i think about robust gutbags as i pull robust gutbags out of the head cavity with my thumb and index finger – they are so thick and so forward, i want them to be infinite... get real fucked, like on the cold weird rubber plastic of the barely 3-D shapes at maybe the pitcher's mound and all the bases too(?) fit your hands and knees, keep them in. right here in the moonlight of course.

who am

sweet

bitter

dear

vulgar

riot

viscion

shrugged

godesend

gullet

slip

tongue

keep

lowest

key

and the coin
of the realm
collapses
the realm

and the realm
opens wide
it says *ahh*